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*With the compliments
of the author to S. F. Stei.*
AN

ORATION

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Delivered in Newburyport,

ON THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN
INDEPENDENCE.

BY GEORGE LUNT

NEWBURYPORT:
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1833

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NEWBURYPORT, JULY 5TH, 1833.

GEORGE LUNT, Esq.

Sir: The Committee of Arrangements for the celebration of the 4th inst. in this town, respectfully request a copy of the Oration, pronounced by you on that occasion, for the press.

With assurances of esteem,
we are Sir,

Your obedient servants,

JACOB STONE, SAMUEL TITCOMB, C. J. BROCKWAY, JOHN N. WILLS, F. V. NOYES,	}	COMMIT- TEE.
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NEWBURYPORT, 5TH JULY, 1833.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE —

I am happy to comply with your kind and polite request. If I have been able to add no new force to the sentiments appropriate to the day and the times; it is my fervent wish, that the performance may have some influence, however slight, in cultivating those feelings which become every intelligent citizen of a great Republic.

I am, Gentlemen,
with respect and esteem,
Your obedient servant,

GEORGE LUNT

Messrs. JACOB STONE,
SAMUEL TITCOMB,
C. J. BROCKWAY,
JOHN N. WILLS,
F. V. NOYES

2. 10. 33

ORATION.

The birth-day of a people must always be a great and illustrious occasion. The heart, which is dead to the ordinary impulses of human feeling, at such a time will swell with uncommon exultation. Thoughts, which do not generally suggest themselves, come thronging home to our bosoms. All that the past had of disaster is forgotten in the glory of its splendid recollections;—all that the future may have of dread is overwhelmed in bright and beautiful anticipation. The aspect and condition of external things has undergone no revolution, but the man is warmed by new feelings, and awakened to unusual energies. Whatever constitutes the value and the excellence of his rights becomes this day dearer to the citizen and the man. However he may have been absorbed by private interests and private duties, he is willing to forget them to-day, upon the grand theatre of public congratulation. However he may have been worn by perplexing thoughts, his heart leaps to-day, to meet and to thrill in the impulse of universal joy. However he may have mingled in the conflicting passions, which agitate the crowd;—however he may have been in bondage to fear and a slave to care,—to-day, at least, he feels that he is free. He has forgotten, perhaps, that he was born under extraordinary advantages: that while others are groaning under all the complicated evils of systems so rooted by time and use,—so interwoven with the mighty interests of the strong, that the weak may scarcely dare to hope for relief;—so hemmed in and circumvested by prejudice and power, that humanity trembles, lest the remedy she offers may bring ruin instead of reform;—he has forgotten the security and comfort and happiness of his own condition; that where others must bend, he may stand erect amongst the proudest; that the scorp-

He cannot control his mind, nor the crossier abrogate his conscience : that the sword cannot ravage his fields, nor legalized oppression pollute his dwelling : that his privileges are recognized and obvious and unquestionable : his own by birth-right, but reclaimed and established by the blood of his fathers : that he is lord of his own liberty by the heritage of nature and master of himself by the endowment of God ! —But to-day, if he think at all, he reflects that he stands upon a free soil and surrounded by innumerable and inestimable blessings, and his soul is stirred and elevated by loftier emotions. The familiar things about him assume an aspect which cannot be estimated by the trampled and shrinking slave ! The bright earth glows with fresher verdure beneath the tread of a freeman, and a more radiant glory shines for him out of the resplendent magnificence of heaven ! Some such reflections as these might become the mind of the most ordinary citizen of a free community : but the intelligent observer of human affairs will regard his condition with broader views and in a far nobler attitude. The present and its thoughts weigh heavily upon the heart of one ; while the other will cast his glance backward upon the misty records of the past, or with still more curious interest forward into the deep abyss of the future. He is not content with the fleeting circumstances which are near and around him. He compares his own era with the others which have vanished into the distant night. The civilized and the savage—Barbarian and Scythian—bond and free—all come within the compass of his intellectual vision. The world—a grand and imposing spectacle,—unfolds itself before him. He fixes his eye upon the monuments of ages ! The thoughts,—the feelings—the deeds of human beings become subjects of his impartial investigation. He speculates upon the theory of man ! The great ocean of time,—wonderful in all its aspects,—beautiful in slumber, terrible in tempests,—is rolling at his feet. He compares all that *has been* with all that *is*—and thus learns to appreciate the character of the present, and prophet-like, to behold some vision of the future.

I am aware how difficult it is to impart any new interest to the themes appropriate to this day. And yet, it is the indulgence of those reflections which become a freeman,—the

suggestion of those causes which gained him this enviable distinction ; of those recollections, which dignify his social position ; of those motives, which should lead him to regard the institutions of his country with fresh reverence, and to stand up manfully for their preservation ;—it is these things alone, which can consecrate the day, and render it worthy to be had in perpetual remembrance.

The age in which we live is destined to work an immense influence upon the moral and social condition of man. The mighty changes, which it has already wrought, have out-stripped the slow current of eighteen centuries. But let us not arrogate to ourselves an undue importance. The revolutions to which I allude are taking place in the great family of human beings : but man, as he might always have been found in individual existence, has forever exhibited the same lofty endowments,—the same wonderful characteristics which are now becoming so much more general and extensive in their efficient operation. The world has not been left without witnesses and examples of the glorious destiny of mankind : and however ignorance and superstition and debasement may have brooded upon *the many*, like the dreams of death—there were never wanting some whose minds were animated,—whose energies were aroused,—whose souls were alive to the noble and eternal purposes of human existence. While all else was cold and sad, their spirits have played, like lightning, upon the gloomy cloud ; and when almost universal darkness has seemed to settle upon the face of nature, their minds have glittered like stars, through the portentous waste, to tell that the light of heaven and its hopes were yet there ! Neither should it be forgotten that the tendency of the great mass of mankind has always been towards improvement and reformation. However ineffectual its efforts may have been to secure the permanent benefit of the whole, still enough has been done from time to time, through all periods of the world, to keep the sacred principle of liberty in remembrance and in being. Weak and powerless and almost dying it may have oftentimes lain ; but it has been found ready to start, at every fresh impulse, into newer and warmer life, with an energy that defied death and knew nothing of decay. But heretofore the progress of society has been slow and un-

certain. The occasional efforts of the few, for the good of the many, seem heretofore to have served little better purpose, than to connect one age with another, and to transmit, from generation to generation, the memory of principles, destined one day to encompass and elevate the world. Some true idea of liberty might indeed have blended itself with the beautiful speculations of the philosopher and the sage; but they regarded it as a good almost too abstract and distant ever to be really enjoyed; and the hero and patriot toiled rather under the pang of some temporary wrong, or to secure for their own country some temporary advantage, than with any just views of the grand theory of freedom—that general independence of mind and heart and soul,—priceless, beyond all estimation,—whose hopes flutter over the utmost confines of human wretchedness and whose aspirations are boundless as the universe. But it was reserved for the master spirits of our own day to collect from all time and all experience, the full strength and wisdom of this ennobling principle, and to illustrate and enforce and disseminate it, until armed oppression may well tremble and shudder to the inmost fibre of its iron heart.

Our own is decidedly the age of revolutions. Those events which once might have amazed and alarmed the world are now amongst the most familiar occurrences of the times. The change of a dynasty might once have been the occasion and the theme of contemporary history: and fierce and protracted wars might once have founded themselves upon the distinction of a name: but our day *only* has seen throne falling after throne, and empire crumbling upon the ruins of empire,—and the mightiest political revolution so hastily following upon the footsteps of its predecessor, that the attention is at length exhausted by a succession of events, so strange—so rapid—so unexampled!

But we must not deceive ourselves into false opinions. We look at things long past through an illusory medium. And while we contemplate those great transactions of history, which stand out bold and prominent amidst the barrenness of centuries,—we are apt to forget our own comparative littleness;—to imagine that we are the actors in singular achievements, and to wonder that events, so familiar to our-

selves, should ever have excited the uncommon admiration and astonishment of the world. We forget that we are reaping the harvest of other men's labors: that they were the precursors and exemplars, whose footsteps we are pursuing: that what our own times have seen executed with ease, they commenced in difficulty and danger, and accomplished only with extreme toil: that the way was untrodden until they set up its way-marks, and the desert uncultivated, until they opened and fertilized it, step by step, with their blood. But if we would justly appreciate the objects and tendency of human existence, we must forget the distinctions of periods and people. We must remember that there is a universal bond of brotherhood between man and man. No matter, when or where he may have had his being: whether he stands with us to-day in the light of freedom, or grovelled ages ago, where its name was never whispered: no matter, whether he toiled and fought and died, in the vain anticipation of seeing those glorious results, which our eyes have witnessed: no matter, whether he fell with Liberty at Chæronæa, or saw it and was glad, when it welcomed our fathers to the battle-plain of Lexington: no matter, whether he perished in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or worships God, as he pleases, in his stately temples;—no matter, whether his body slumbers under the ghastly ruins of ancient superstition, or the fresh soil of a free land presses lightly on his bosom;—civilized or savage,—high or low,—living or dead,—he is a member of the same human family. Wherever the sun-beams publish God's glory, or the liberal elements utter his bounty, they have found man the same: always an intellectual and a moral being, aspiring sometimes feebly and again more earnestly, towards the same high objects: actuated by the same motives, worn by the same sufferings, elevated by the same hopes, tried by the same temptations: now overborne by intolerable wrongs and anon rising and trampling upon cowardly oppression: travelling through earth with a struggling mind and a beating heart, and longing for heaven! The sage who thought, and the hero who conquered, are all connected with us by innumerable ties. The illustrious achievements of other days belong to us rather than to them, for we enjoy their full influ-

ence and harvest their complete fulfilment. All that has ever been executed for the good of man,—all exalted enterprise,—all heroic devotion,—all self-sacrificing fortitude,—every generous impulse of the affections and every lofty effort of the mind,—constitute but one unbroken chain of brilliant events, all tending to accomplish the same glorious and eternal end. If then we contemplate man in this interesting aspect; as one great mass of human existence, pressing constantly forward, under the direction of a benevolent Providence, to secure the ultimate happiness of the race;—that happiness, which consists in a free intellect and the removal of every fictitious and unnecessary restraint from the bodies and the souls of men;—if we look at him in this relation, hindered and checked, at times, in his career, but with a mind never totally paralyzed, and a heart never altogether broken,—like some single noble spirit, which misfortune may indeed stagger, but cannot subdue;—if we consider all the illustrious actions of our predecessors, but as distinct pulsations of the same mighty heart:—every gallant stroke for independence,—every splendid example of magnanimous endurance and heroic martyrdom,—but as one grand series of connected causes, whose consequences have been accumulating, until they are ready to spread over and refine and liberalize the world;—with what thrilling interest shall we then regard the history of the past! with what profounder emotions shall we dwell upon the character of the present and speculate upon the boundless prospects of the future! It is thus, that the friend of his country, at whatever remote and obscure period he may have existed, becomes indeed the friend of mankind: that the great reformer has toiled, and the great philosopher taught for all coming generations, and the myrtle-bough, that wreathed the sword of the patriot, thus lives and flourishes forever, in the beauty and the glory of immortal loveliness!

There is something inexpressibly cheering in the encouragements which such considerations inspire. If there be any one who has desponded in his views of the progress of society,—let him take courage and hope from such reflections. It is no new idea, that the men of this age were losing their individual and peculiar characteristics. But if it be

indeed the fact, that it is owing to the improved condition of human fellowship,—it is a noble and consoling thought. Men have commonly been considered as divided into distinct races, and in the various nations of the earth, as separated from each other by innumerable fictitious and often absurd distinctions: but if the tendency of society be towards such a reformation; if, as the individual sinks, the people rise;—if, as light breaks upon the world and diffuses itself throughout the vast expanse of the general mind;—if those great principles, which have been, here and there, illustrated and defended, through every period of the world, are now beginning to be generally understood and valued and enforced;—if those grand causes are now at work which are to raise not this class or that, not this nation or another, but the whole human race to its highest point of attainable equalization,—what new and ennobling views does it open to mankind,—and who would venture to withhold from its career his most fervent and devout aspirations? It is true, that perfect equality can never be attained. Heaven has not so ordered it. He who expects it, dreams, —and will never awake to its realization. It is equally impossible and unnecessary to human happiness. But that the time is approaching, when men will lose their inordinate attachment to the trifles of a moment; and will regard with the same value the great things of existence: when ignorance shall be enlightened, and hope come to all, and liberty go free:—when anarchy shall be dissolved, and the oppressor cease:—when crowns shall lose their lustre, and swords grow dim, and superstition fall into eternal burial under the ruins of her mouldering fabric: when a new and glorious day,—a day of light and knowledge and christian freedom,—shall encompass the Universe;—it is no illusion—for the currents of life are tending towards its consummation, and the oracles of God are pledged to its fulfilment!

A new era has already commenced. A new impulse has been given to the tide of time. The fountains of the great deep are breaking up; and a spirit of inquiry, not easily satisfied and irresistible in its energies, is breaking, like a flood upon ancient prejudices and beating down the bulwarks of old opinions. Let us hope that it may be regulated by a wise discretion! Let us pray that it be governed

by a decent-reverence; and that, in destroying what is useless, it sweep away nothing that is truly excellent;—and be fervently hopeful of its success. But it is not the diffusion of human knowledge alone, or all the countless blessings of human civilization, which can effect these wonderful results. The refinements of life corrupt as well as polish. They nourish in themselves the elements of their own dissolution. Their brightest glories are but the heralds of their own decay. All history instructs us, that human learning and wisdom and skill, were never and cannot be the stable foundations and safeguards of the state: and that man's noblest institutions must perish in the using, unless a divine spirit mingles with the debasing mass of human passions, and purifies, elevates and controls. If it were not so,—the mighty empires of the old world might have been standing to-day. If it were not so,—Assyria might never have fallen; nor Egypt, the seat of the Pharaohs,—the mistress of science, the mother of arts,—the fountain of philosophy, the depositary of wisdom,—might not have sunk as she did into a gloom as palpable, as that which she once before felt, when she was encompassed with the darkness of a seven-fold night. If it were not so,—the Median might have thundered in vain at the gates of Babylon; and the wild beasts of the desert would not now be rioting in her pleasant palaces: Rome might still have stood, in all the simple and beautiful grandeur of the old Republic; and Greece might to-day have lifted her laurelled head, the wonder and the majesty of the world! They indeed perished! But a temple was soon to arise upon their ruins, whose worship was to involve sublimer views of the destinies of our nature than their most exalted imaginations ever conceived, and whose foundations were eternal in the Heavens! The revolutions of the ancient world had been hurried forward by the impetuous tumult of mortal passion. But it was no profound sense of man's obligations to his fellows,—no lofty conception of his accountability to his Maker,—no just appreciation of the dignity of his own nature,—which gave him wisdom in council and valor in the field! I know it has been said, that the object of Christianity was not to disturb the political relations of life: that it came not to build up or to dismember kingdoms,—as though man's social condition were not a neces-

sary purpose of God's providence :—and I know that its influence in this respect was for a long period slow and incidental in its operation : but as firmly as I believe the principle of immortality to be the very essence of our being ;—rooted in our breasts and inseparable from our existence—and intimately and forever associated with every earthly as well as heavenly interest,—so firmly do I believe that it is about to exercise a direct and immediate and victorious influence in accelerating the progress of human society towards happiness and perfection. So will it have its perfect work ;—so will it exemplify its sovereign dominion ;—so will it enter into the deepest recesses of mysterious thought,—will disencumber it of that worst of all servitudes, bondage to error and superstition and vice,—and unfold all the sublime capacities and exalted attributes of a free intellectual and moral nature. And, if it has hitherto been considered as instructing man simply in his higher duties and filling his mind with immortal hopes,—it will at length be discovered, that whatever juster appreciation he may have entertained of his civil rights owes its ennobling origin to the liberal spirit of the gospel ;—that whatever brighter light may have risen upon his social obligations caught its first bright beam from the star that shone over Galilee ! The destiny of man until that time had been obscure : his purposes feeble ; his intellect bounded ; his aspirations uncertain ; his energies confined ; his very existence apparently to terminate with a day ! But the triumphant peans of the illustrious host which, on that night, filled the amplitude of nature with their songs of rejoicing, proclaimed to man that he was a freeman ! And the mild radiance of that sweet star, if it has awakened nobler anticipations of the blessedness of heaven, has equally and shall forever shed newer glories on his pathway through earth. The gospel came, and man felt that he was free ! No longer the slave of debasing thoughts, the range of his intellect was unlimited as the universe. In mind and body and soul he was entitled to be free ! His faculties were no longer enchained. He was no more the slave of doubt and under the yoke to dismay. No earthly authority could control his endless hopes. In the prison, he felt that his soul, at least, could overleap the barriers of oppression. At the stake, his heart

whispered that he was soon to rise above all principalities and powers! Creation's object, he was higher than nobles! The heir of Heaven, he was superior to kings! He knew that his fellows were created with the same endowments—inheritors of the same privileges,—destined to the same end; and it neutralized the distinctions of rank, and tore off the glitter from pomp! He had been instructed in a theory, which equalized mankind,—and why should he be allured by false splendors, or awed by fictitious and illusory magnificence!

This then was the first great revolution: the source and spring of all others, which have very materially affected the external as well as inward condition of man. Let it be owned, that, for many ages, its pure and noble spirit was scarcely recognised! Let it be acknowledged that, after the first glorious onset, the day again seemed lost. Let it be granted, that it slumbered for fifteen centuries. If it slept, it was not the sleep of death. Its day of trial was not accomplished. Its hour of triumph had not arrived. The fullness of time was not yet come. It was silently to interweave itself with the history of ages. It was gradually to become the familiar friend and companion of life and to instil itself gently and imperceptibly into our profoundest confidence and our deepest affections. The grand principles which it inculcated were to accumulate power and veneration and love, until it was ready to ride forth in glory to conquest and dominion. If its standard ever wavered; it rose again and again and forever, over the shock of war. There was always a soft light melting itself into the gray dawn, that gave sure promise of the coming morning;—amidst the darkness of the night, there were flashes here and there, full of foretokens of that approaching storm, which was to purify and enliven the distempered atmosphere.—It came at last in the torrent of the Reformation. The world had long been preparing for its advent. Men were beginning to shake themselves free from the corruptions of barbarism. They were beginning to acquire some just ideas of their inalienable privileges: they were beginning to understand how they had been wronged in their dearest rights,—how they had been oppressed and trifled with and deceived; and if Luther had never hurled his defiance at the thrones of kings and at the still more terrible throne of papal supremacy,—men must soon have roused themselves: they

must soon have insisted upon understanding the truth; and God would have raised up his own instruments to have relieved them from their absurd and bitter thralldom.

I confess, it has seemed to me a fair inference from history, that a profound religious sentiment, under the enlightening influence of the Reformation, has associated our intellectual and moral qualities into much stricter alliance, and given a stronger and wider developement to the higher capacities of our nature: and, while it has deprived it of all unfounded pretension, has imparted a real dignity, which it never before exhibited, except under very peculiar and unusual circumstances. The condition of *the people*, during the middle ages of the world, had been wretched to the utmost extent of human degradation. They were held down by an iron hand, I might well say, with an iron foot,—for their very necks were trampled in the dust. Violence recognised no law, but its own inordinate rapacity: strength assumed to be the sole standard of justice, and credulous fear, shrinking into its own weakness, trembled and believed! But the Reformation, while it taught men to think and act for themselves, inspired their minds with rational notions of human liberty, and exalted their opinions of the vast capacities and the inestimable value of human knowledge. It was these sentiments, burning in their hearts, like living flame, which were preparing England for the great and singular spectacle, which she was soon about to exhibit. The whole surface of society was changed. Every element, which could agitate, was at work in its bosom: and one great mind came rapidly up after another, to the investigation of acknowledged dogmas, like wave after wave, beating and thundering upon the shores of the boundless sea. They received nothing in the faith of other men's opinions. They arrogated to themselves an unheard of independence of soul. They assumed an insatiable spirit of inquiry. They meddled with topics heretofore forbidden and carefully concealed from their research. They cavilled at principles, whose sacredness had indeed depended only on the general ignorance, and assaulted strong-holds, which were strong only because their weakness had never before been demonstrated. They boldly advanced to the discussion of opinions, which had before been handled with the utmost reverence. They began to examine into the tenures rather than the names of their rulers. It was not whether they should pay homage to the Tudor or the Stu-

art; not whether the aspiring blood of York, or the still more aspiring blood of Lancaster, ran in the veins of the heir of kingdoms;—but whether the sovereign himself was or ought to be more than the permitted chief magistrate of a Free People. They scrupled not to scoff at hierarchies, and finally questioned the divine right of kings, with arguments sharper than any rhetoric. It was these thoughts and feelings which nourished the illustrious spirits of England's great days, and laid the foundations of a Revolution, reserved for another soil than her own, and destined to be considered, as I think, the second grand crisis in the affairs of man. It was this which made them less careful of success, than determined to pursue the right. It was this which animated the sagacious eloquence and devout fervency of Pym: the intrepid mind and strong heart of Hampden: the profound skill, the stupendous talents, the victorious enthusiasm of Cromwell,—*great, indeed, if he had never reigned*: the republican virtues and magnificent intellect of Milton,—engrafting the graces of the christian upon the stern simplicity and lofty temper of heroic times:—the noble genius and steadfast integrity of Algernon Sydney—a part of whose lofty sentiment, written in voluntary exile at the summit of the Alps, when he thought his country unworthy of his presence, our own Commonwealth has adopted as the motto of its arms—

Manus hæc, invicta tyrannis,

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem :—

a man, worthy of the best days of old Rome,—ready for the unjust martyrdom which he suffered, and deserving another Plutarch to record his history. It was the same mighty and uncontrollable spirit, which inspired the compeers and friends of these great names, the pilgrim founders of a new world,—those apostolic men, who came upon a mission unexampled since the era of the apostles: who left their pleasant homes,—pleasant if Freedom had dwelt there,—all that binds us so closely to kindred and country,—the familiar voice and aspect of our friends,—the valley we have wandered over,—the hill-top we have climbed, the very trees and sun-beams, that will not look so pleasant in another land;—who left old England,—‘merry England,’—fuller than other countries of beautiful and splendid recollections;—who dared the savage, the winter and the storm;—who stood, ‘young men and maidens—old men and children,’ upon rocks where the ice only glittered,—the clear cold heavens above,

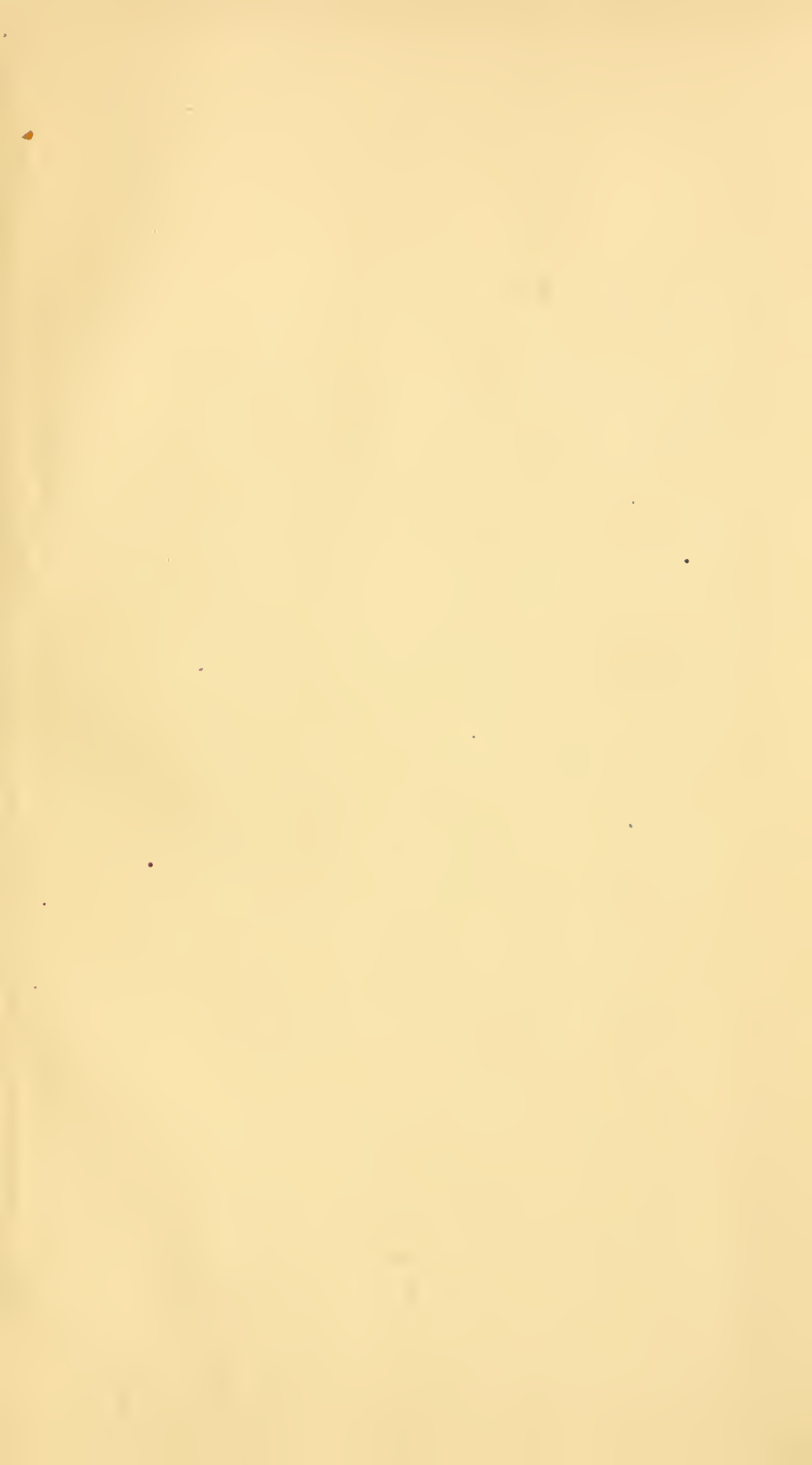
the rolling waters below, and around them, the desert solitude of untrampled snows,—dauntless and undismayed, with strong hearts and clear minds, trusting in God, rejoicing that they were Free!

It was the good seed sown by these men which at the distance of a century and a half afterwards, produced so bountiful a harvest. It was their hatred of oppression—their love of liberty,—their veneration for virtue,—their estimation of knowledge, the ennobling sentiments which they cultivated in themselves and transmitted, in purity, to their descendants, which, at length displayed itself in the Great Instrument which you have heard read to-day. It was these causes, acting upon high minds and resolved purposes, which followed up that unexampled Declaration with all its brilliant and sublime consequences:—which drew men of all ages and conditions away from their peaceable pursuits, to maintain their principles with blood, whose voice shall cry forever in the ears of their children!

The history of the American Revolution is yet to be written. Its momentous conflicts,—its heroic sacrifices,—its gallant achievements,—its transcendent result, may have already been detailed. But its moral history has not yet been attempted. Ten thousand revolutions had indeed hurried over the world. Brave and noble spirits had often before led men to victory and freedom. But the success of one splendid moment the next wrested from their grasp. For who could secure liberty to the grovelling beings, who knew not the value of its priceless possession? Who could hope to found its elevated temple in the heart of the willing and satisfied slave? Many a revolution has succeeded our own. And Poland might say, how nobly, but in vain, she struggled in the grasp of the gigantic and ruthless despot: and France might tell, how she worshipped at the shrine of a false Deity, till she was scorched to the very heart, by the flames of his altar! But here—upon this soil,—in that struggle, the hearts of the people were as the heart of one man:—for it was not for conquest, not for ambition, not for the world's glory;—but for peace, and happiness, and religion,—for a free mind and an untrammelled conscience,—for all things that are dearer than blood and better than life,—that they fought and triumphed! Their souls were prepared for the sacred conflict, and they dreamed of no failure. The unparalleled

events of that great period are now acting upon the world. Many a gallant struggle has since been commenced, which caught its first impulse upon the plains of New England. Many a bright flame has since ascended to Freedom, which was first kindled upon the green hills of our native land. It is a flame that is inextinguishable. It is the cause of truth and freedom and light,—and it must prevail. The great principles, which that age defended and established, have ever since been spreading, with silent but irresistible activity, into the extremest nations of the earth. They are now shaking the deepest foundations of European Society. But if this grand reformation, which seems every where collecting its energies for the mighty contest is finally to prevail :—if the great battle is to be won—of human improvement against bigoted prejudice,—of equal rights against arbitrary oppression,—of justice against violence,—of light against darkness,—its leaders would do well to remember the sacred energy which animated our fathers—and that they owed their unexampled victory to Virtue, which is Power and Truth, which is Eternal ! That although they drew their swords to resist the tyranny, which was galling their own necks,—they felt that they were contending not for themselves alone, but for all future time. We may conceive some of the feelings which inspired Prescott, Putnam, Stark, and the good men with them upon the eve of that first momentous conflict. We may conceive a youthful and gallant spirit, like Warren, on the morning of Bunker-Hill,—full of devoted courage and generous enthusiasm and about to pour out his life-blood for his country,—thus inspiring the hearts of his compatriots :

We stand here for freedom !—It is no dream of the imagination, but a glorious possession beyond all price ! Life becomes worthless when it is lost. Let us win it or die ! It is a high gift of God ! Let us not betray it ! By his strength we will conquer ! Our homes are upon the issue ;—our mothers,—our sisters,—our wives,—all that we love—demand of us victory ! Our fathers rejoiced in the anticipation of this day. Posterity requires us to defend its inheritance. The world is regarding our actions. Heaven smiles benignantly upon true hearts. The enemy is many,—but they are slaves : we are few,—but we are freemen ! Be not dismayed ! **IT IS THE CAUSE OF MAN ;—THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY—LIBERTY NOW—LIBERTY FOREVER !**



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